



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

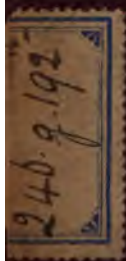
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

ST MARK'S REST

PART I.

RUSKIN.





600078125T







ST. MARK'S REST.



ST. MARK'S REST.

THE HISTORY OF VENICE

*WRITTEN FOR THE HELP OF THE FEW TRAVELLERS WHO
STILL CARE FOR HER MONUMENTS.*

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH,
AND SLADE PROFESSOR OF FINE ART, OXFORD.

PART I.



GEORGE ALLEN,
SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.

1877.

246 0 102^a



P R E F A C E .

GREAT nations write their autobiographies in three manuscripts;—the book of their deeds, the book of their words, and the book of their art. Not one of these books can be understood unless we read the two others ; but of the three, the only quite trustworthy one is the last. The acts of a nation may be triumphant by its good fortune; and its words mighty by the genius of a few of its children : but its art, only by the general gifts and common sympathies of the race.

Again, the policy of a nation may be compelled, and, therefore, not indicative of its true character. Its words may be false, while yet the race remain unconscious of their falsehood ; and no historian can assuredly detect the hypocrisy. But art is always instinctive ; and the honesty or pretence

of it are therefore open to the day. The Delphic oracle may or may not have been spoken by a honest priestess,—we cannot tell by the words of it ; a liar may rationally believe them a lie, such as he would himself have spoken ; and a true man, with equal reason, may believe them spoken in truth. But there is no question possible in art : at a glance, (when we have learned to read,) we know the religion of Angelico to be sincere, and of Titian, assumed.

The evidence, therefore, of the third book is the most vital to our knowledge of any nation's life ; and the history of Venice is chiefly written in such manuscript. It once lay open on the waves, miraculous, like St. Cuthbert's book,—a golden legend on countless leaves : now, like Baruch's roll, it is being cut with the penknife, leaf by leaf, and consumed in the fire of the most brutish of the fiends. What fragments of it may yet be saved in blackened scroll, like those withered Cottonian relics in our National library, of which so much has been redeemed by love and skill, this book will help you, partly, to read. Partly,—

for I know only myself in part ; but what I tell you, so far as it reaches, will be truer than you have heard hitherto, because founded on this absolutely, faithful witness, despised by other historians, if not wholly unintelligible to them.

I am obliged to write shortly, being too old now to spare time for anything more than needful work ; and I write at speed, careless of afterwards remediable mistakes, of which adverse readers may gather as many as they choose : that to which such readers are adverse will be found truth that can abide any quantity of adversity.

As I can get my chapters done, they shall be published in this form, for such service as they can presently do. The entire book will consist of not more than twelve such parts, with two of appendices, forming two volumes : if I can get what I have to say into six parts, with one appendix, all the better.

Two separate little guides, one to the Academy, the other to San Giorgio de' Schiavoni, will, I hope, be ready with the opening numbers of this book, which must depend somewhat on their collateral

illustration ; and what I find likely to be of service to the traveller in my old 'Stones of Venice' is in course of re-publication, with further illustration of the complete works of Tintoret. But this cannot be ready till the autumn ; and what I have said of the mightiest of Venetian masters, in my lecture on his relation to Michael Angelo, will be enough at present to enable the student to complete the range of his knowledge to the close of the story of 'St. Mark's Rest.'

ST. MARK'S REST.

CHAPTER I.

THE BURDEN OF TYRE.

Go first into the Piazzetta, and stand anywhere in the shade, where you can well see its two granite pillars.

Your Murray tells you that they are 'famous,' and that the one is "surmounted by the bronze lion of St. Mark, the other by the statue of St. Theodore, the Protector of the Republic."

It does not, however, tell you why, or for what the pillars are 'famous.' Nor, in reply to a question which might conceivably occur to the curious, why St. Theodore should protect the Republic by standing on a crocodile; nor whether the "bronze lion of St. Mark" was cast by Sir Edwin Landseer,—or some more ancient and ignorant person;—nor what these rugged corners of limestone rock, at the bases of the granite, were perhaps once in the shape of. Have you any idea why, for the sake of any such things, these pillars were once, or should

yet be, more renowned than the Monument, or the column of the Place Vendôme, both of which are much bigger?

Well, they are famous, first, in memorial of something which is better worth remembering than the fire of London, or the achievements of the great Napoleon. And they are famous, or used to be, among artists, because they are beautiful columns; nay, as far as we old artists know, the most beautiful columns at present extant and erect in the conveniently visitable world.

Each of these causes of their fame I will try in some dim degree to set before you.

I said they were set there in memory of *things*,—not of the man who did the things. They are to Venice, in fact, what the Nelson column would be to London, if, instead of a statue of Nelson and a coil of rope, on the top of it, we had put one of the four Evangelists, and a saint, for the praise of the Gospel and of Holiness:—trusting the memory of Nelson to our own souls.

However, the memory of the Nelson of Venice, being now seven hundred years old, has more or less faded from the heart of Venice herself, and seldom finds its way into the heart of a stranger. Somewhat concerning him, though a stranger, you may care to hear, but you must hear it in quiet; so let your boatman take you across to San Giorgio Maggiore;

there you can moor your gondola under the steps in the shade, and read in peace, looking up at the pillars when you like.

In the year 1117, when the Doge Ordelafo Falier had been killed under the walls of Zara, Venice chose, for his successor, Domenico Michiel, Michael of the Lord, 'Cattolico nomo e audace,'* a catholic and brave man, the servant of God and of St. Michael.

Another of Mr. Murray's publications for your general assistance, ('Sketches from Venetian History') informs you that, at this time, the ambassadors of the King of Jerusalem (the second Baldwin) were "awakening the pious zeal, and stimulating the commercial appetite, of the Venetians."

This elegantly balanced sentence is meant to suggest to you that the Venetians had as little piety as we have ourselves, and were as fond of money;—that article being the only one which an Englishman could now think of, as an object of "commercial appetite."

The facts which take this aspect to the lively cockney, are, in reality, that Venice was sincerely pious, and intensely covetous. But not covetous

* Marin Sanuto. *Vitæ Ducum Venetorum*, henceforward quoted as V., with references to the pages of Muratori's edition. See Appendix, Art. 1, which with following appendices will be given in a separate number as soon as there are enough to form one.

merely of money. She was covetous, first, of fame ; secondly, of kingdom ; thirdly, of pillars of marble and granite, such as these that you see; lastly, and quite principally, of the relics of good people. Such an 'appetite,' glib-tongued cockney friend, is not wholly 'commercial.'

To the nation in this religiously covetous hunger, Baldwin appealed, a captive to the Saracen. The Pope sent letters to press his suit, and the Doge Michael called the State to council in the church of St. Mark. There he, and the Primate of Venice, and her nobles, and such of the people as had due entrance with them, by way of beginning the business, celebrated the Mass of the Holy Spirit. Then the Primate read the Pope's letters aloud to the assembly ; then the Doge made the assembly a speech. And there was no opposition party in that parliament to make opposition speeches ; and there were no reports of the speech next morning in any Times or Daily Telegraph. And there were no plenipotentiaries sent to the East, and back again. But the vote passed for war.

The Doge left his son in charge of the State ; and sailed for the Holy Land, with forty galleys and twenty-eight beaked ships of battle—"ships which were painted with divers colours,"* far seen in pleasant splendour.

* 'The Acts of God, by the Franks.' Afterwards quoted as G. (Gesta Dei). Again, see Appendix, Art. 1.

Some faded likeness of them, twenty years ago, might be seen in the painted sails of the fishing boats which lay crowded, in lowly lustre, where the development of civilization now only brings black steam-tugs,* to bear the people of Venice to the bathing-machines of Lido, covering their Ducal Palace with soot, and consuming its sculptures with sulphurous acid.

The beaked ships of the Doge Michael had each a hundred oars;—each oar pulled by two men, not accommodated with sliding seats, but breathed well for their great boat-race between the shores of Greece and Italy;—whose names, alas, with the names of their trainers, are notable in the journals of the barbarous time.

They beat their way across the waves, nevertheless,† to the place by the sea-beach in Palestine where Dorcas worked for the poor, and St. Peter lodged with his namesake tanner. There, showing first but a squadron of a few ships, they drew the Saracen fleet out to sea, and so set upon them.

And the Doge, in his true Duke's place, first in his beaked ship, led for the Saracen admiral's,

* The sails may still be seen scattered farther east along the Riva; but the beauty of the scene, which gave some image of the past, was in their combination with the Ducal Palace,—not with the new French and English Restaurants.

† Oars, of course, for calm, and adverse winds, only; bright sails full to the helpful breeze.

struck her, and sunk her. And his host of falcons followed to the slaughter: and to the prey also,—for the battle was not without gratification of the commercial appetite. The Venetians took a number of ships containing precious silks, and “a quantity of drugs and pepper.”

After which battle, the Doge went up to Jerusalem, there to take further counsel concerning the use of his Venetian power; and, being received there with honour, kept his Christmas in the mountain of the Lord.

In the council of war that followed, debate became stern whether to undertake the siege of Tyre or Ascalon. The judgments of men being at pause, the matter was given to the judgment of God. They put the names of the two cities in an urn, on the altar of the Church of the Sepulchre. An orphan child was taken to draw the lots, who, putting his hand into the urn, drew out the name of TYRE.

Which name you may have heard before, and read perhaps words concerning her fall—careless always *when* the fall took place, or whose sword smote her.

She was still a glorious city, still queen of the treasures of the sea;* chiefly renowned for

* “*Passava tuttavia per la piu popolosa e commerciante di Siria.*”—Romanin, ‘*Storia Documentata di Venezia*,’ Venice, 1853, vol. ii., whence I take what else is said in the text; but see in the *Gesta Dei*, the older Marin Sanuto, lib. iii., pars. vi. cap. xii., and pars. xiv. cap. ii.

her work in glass and in purple ; set in command of a rich plain, "irrigated with plentiful and perfect waters, famous for its sugar-canes ; 'fortissima,' she herself, upon her rock, double walled towards the sea, treble walled to the land ; and, to all seeming, unconquerable but by famine."

For their help in this great siege, the Venetians made their conditions.

That in every city subject to the King of Jerusalem, the Venetians should have a street, a square, a bath, and a bakehouse ;—that is to say, a place to live in, a place to meet in, and due command of water and bread, all free of tax ; that they should use their own balances, weights, and measures ; (not by any means false ones, you will please to observe) ; and that the King of Jerusalem should pay annually to the Doge of Venice, on the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, three hundred Saracen byzants.

Such, with due approval of the two Apostles of the Gentiles, being the claims of these Gentile mariners from the King of the Holy City, the same were accepted in these terms:—"In the name of the Holy and undivided Trinity of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, these are the treaties which Baldwin, second King of the Latins in Jerusalem, made with St. Mark and Dominicus Michaël";—and ratified by the signatures of—

GUARIMOND, Patriarch of Jerusalem ;
EBREMAR, Archbishop of Cæsarea ;
BERNARD, Archbishop of Nazareth ;
ASQUIRIN, Bishop of Bethlehem ;
GOLDUMUS, Abbot of St. Mary's, in the Vale
of Jehoshaphat ;
ACCHARD, Prior of the Temple of the Lord ;
GERARD, Prior of the Holy Sepulchre ;
ARNARD, Prior of Mount Syon ; and
HUGO DE PAGANO, Master of the Soldiers of
the Temple. With others many, whose
names are in the chronicle of Andrea
Dandolo.

And thereupon the French crusaders by land,
and the Venetians by sea, drew line of siege
round Tyre.

You will not expect me here, at St. George's
steps, to give account of the various mischief done
on each other with the dart, the stone, and the
fire, by the Christian and Saracen, day by day.
Both were at last wearied, when report came of
help to the Tyrians by an army from Damascus,
and a fleet from Egypt. Upon which news,
discord arose in the invading camp ; and rumour
went abroad that the Venetians would desert
their allies, and save themselves in their fleet.
These reports coming to the ears of the Doge,
he took (according to tradition) the sails from
his ships' masts, and the rudders from their

sterns,* and brought sails, rudders, and tackle ashore, and into the French camp, adding to these, for his pledge, "grave words."

The French knights, in shame of their miscreance, bade him refit his ships. The Count of Tripoli and William of Bari were sent to make head against the Damascenes; and the Doge, leaving ships enough to blockade the port, sailed himself, with what could be spared, to *find* the Egyptian fleet. He sailed to Alexandria, showed his sails along the coast in defiance, and returned.

Meantime his coin for payment of his mariners was spent. He did not care to depend on remittances. He struck a coinage of leather, with St. Mark's and his own shield on it, promising his soldiers that for every leathern rag, so signed, at Venice, there should be given a golden zecchin. And his word was taken; and his word was kept.

So the steady siege went on, till the Tyrians lost hope, and asked terms of surrender.

* By doing this he left his fleet helpless before an enemy, for naval warfare at this time depended wholly on the fine steering of the ships at the moment of onset. But for all ordinary manœuvres necessary for the safety of the fleet in harbour, their oars were enough. Andrea Dandolo says he took a plank ("tabula") out of each ship,—a more fatal injury. I suspect the truth to have been that he simply unshipped the rudders, and brought them into camp; a grave speechless symbol, earnest enough; but not costly of useless labour.

They obtained security of person and property, to the indignation of the Christian soldiery, who had expected the sack of Tyre. The city was divided into three parts, of which two were given to the King of Jerusalem, the third to the Venetians.

How Baldwin governed his two-thirds, I do not know, nor what capacity there was in the Tyrians of being governed at all. But the Venetians, for their third part, appointed a '*bailo*' to do civil justice, and a '*viscount*' to answer for military defence; and appointed magistrates under these, who, on entering office, took the following oath:—

"I swear on the holy Gospels of God, that sincerely and without fraud I will do right to all men who are under the jurisdiction of Venice in the city of Tyre; and to every other who shall be brought before me for judgment, according to the ancient use and law of the city. And so far as I know not, and am left uninformed of that, I will act by such rule as shall appear to me just, according to the appeal and answer. Farther, I will give faithful and honest counsel to the Bailo and the Viscount, *when I am asked for it*; and if they share any secret with me, I will keep it; neither will I procure by fraud, good to a friend, nor evil to an enemy." And thus the Venetian state planted stable colonies in Asia.

Thus far Romanin; to whom, nevertheless, it does not occur to ask what 'establishing colonies in Asia' meant for Venice. Whether they were in Asia, Africa, or the Island of Atlantis, did not at this time greatly matter; but it mattered infinitely that they were *colonies living in friendly relations with the Saracen*, and that at the very same moment arose cause of quite other than friendly relations, between the Venetian and the Greek.

For while the Doge Michael fought for the Christian king at Jerusalem, the Christian emperor at Byzantium attacked the defenceless states of Venice, on the main land of Dalmatia, and seized their cities. Whereupon the Doge set sail homewards, fell on the Greek islands of the Egean, and took the spoil of them; seized Cephalonia; recovered the lost cities of Dalmatia; compelled the Greek emperor to sue for peace,—gave it, in angry scorn; and set his sails at last for his own Rialto, with the sceptres of Tyre and of Byzantium to lay at the feet of Venice.

Spoil also he brought, enough, of such commercial kind as Venice valued. These pillars that you look upon, of rosy and grey rock; and the dead bodies of St. Donato and St. Isidore.

He thus returned, in 1126: Fate had left him yet four years to live. In which, among other homely work, he made the beginning for you, (oh

much civilized friend, you will at least praise him in this) of these mighty gaseous illuminations by which Venice provides for your seeing her shop-wares by night, and provides against your seeing the moon, or stars, or sea.

For, finding the narrow streets of Venice dark, and opportune for robbers, he ordered that at the heads of them there should be set little tabernacles for images of the saints, and before each a light kept burning. Thus he commands,—not as thinking that the saints themselves had need of candles, but that they would gladly grant to poor mortals in danger, material no less than heavenly light.

And having in this pretty and lowly beneficence, ended what work he had to do in this world, feeling his strength fading, he laid down sword and ducal robe together ; and became a monk, in this island of St. George, at the shore of which, you are reading : but the old monastery on it which sheltered him was destroyed long ago, that this stately Palladian portico might be built, to delight Mr. Eustace on his classical tour,—and other such men of renown,—and persons of excellent taste, like yourself.

And there he died, and was buried ; and there he lies, virtually tombless : the place of his grave you find by going down the steps on your right hand behind the altar, leading into what was

yet a monastery before the last Italian revolution, but is now a finally deserted loneliness.

Over his grave there is a heap of frightful modern upholsterer's work,—Longhena's; his first tomb (of which you may see some probable likeness in those at the side of St. John and St. Paul,) being removed as too modest and time-worn for the vulgar Venetian of the seventeenth century; and this, that you see, put up to please the Lord Mayor and the beadles.

The old inscription was copied on the rotten black slate which is breaking away in thin flakes, dimmed by dusty salt. The beginning of it yet remains:—"Here lies the Terror of the Greeks." Read also the last lines:—

"WHOSOEVER THOU ART, WHO COMEST TO BEHOLD THIS TOMB OF HIS, BOW THYSELF DOWN BEFORE GOD, BECAUSE OF HIM."

Of these things, then, the two pillars before you are 'famous' in memorial. What in themselves they possess deserving honour, we will next try to discern. But you must row a little nearer to the pillars, so as to see them clearly.

CHAPTER II.

LATRATOR ANUBIS.

I SAID these pillars were the most beautiful known to me :—but you must understand this saying to be of the whole pillar—group of base, shaft, and capital—not only of their shafts.

You know so much of architecture, perhaps, as that an ‘order’ of it is the system, connecting a shaft with its capital and cornice. And you can surely feel so much of architecture, as that, if you took the heads off these pillars, and set the granite shafts simply upright on the pavement, they would perhaps remind you of ninepins, or rolling-pins, but would in no wise contribute either to respectful memory of the Doge Michael, or to the beauty of the Piazzetta.

Their beauty, which has been so long instinctively felt by artists, consists then first in the proportion, and then in the propriety of their several parts. Do not confuse proportion with propriety. An elephant is as properly made as a stag ; but he is not so gracefully proportioned. In fine architecture, and all other fine arts, grace and propriety meet.

I will take the fitness first. You see that both these pillars have wide bases of successive steps.* You can feel that these would be 'improper' round the pillars of an arcade in which people walked, because they would be in the way. But they are proper here, because they tell us the pillar is to be isolated, and that it is a monument of importance. Look from these shafts to the arcade of the Ducal Palace. Its pillars have been found fault with for wanting bases. But they were meant to be walked beside without stumbling.

Next, you see the tops of the capitals of the great pillars spread wide, into flat tables. You can feel, surely, that these are entirely 'proper,' to afford room for the statues they are to receive, and that the edges, which bear no weight, may 'properly' extend widely. But suppose a weight of superincumbent wall were to be laid on these pillars? The extent of capital which is now graceful, would then be weak and ridiculous.

Thus far of propriety, whose simple laws are soon satisfied: next, of proportion.

You see that one of the shafts,—the St. Theodore's,—is much more slender than the other.

One general law of proportion is that a slender shaft should have a slender capital, and a ponderous shaft, a ponderous one.

* Restored,—but they always must have had them, in some such proportion.

But had this law been here followed, the companion pillars would have instantly become ill-matched. The eye would have discerned in a moment the fat pillar and the lean. They would never have become the fraternal pillars—'the two' of the Piazzetta.

With subtle, scarcely at first traceable, care, the designer varied the curves and weight of his capitals; and gave the massive head to the slender shaft, and the slender capital to the massive shaft. And thus they stand in symmetry, and uncontending equity.

Next, for the form of these capitals themselves, and the date of them.

You will find in the guide-books that though the shafts were brought home by the Doge in 1126, no one could be found able to set them up, until the year 1171, when a certain Lombard, called Nicholas of the Barterers, raised them, and for reward of such engineering skill, bargained that he might keep tables for forbidden games of chance between the shafts. Whereupon the Senate ordered that executions should also take place between them.

You read, and smile, and pass on with a dim sense of having heard something like a good story.

Yes; of which I will pray you to remark, that at that uncivilized time, games of chance were forbidden in Venice, and that in these modern

civilized times they are not forbidden; and one, that of the lottery, even promoted by the Government as gainful: and that perhaps the Venetian people might find itself more prosperous on the whole by obeying that law of their fathers,* and ordering that no lottery should be drawn, except in a place where somebody had been hanged.† But the curious thing is that while this pretty story is never forgotten, about the raising of the pillars, nothing is ever so much as questioned about who put their tops and bases to them!—nothing about the resolution that lion or saint should stand to preach on them,—nothing about the Saint's sermon, or the Lion's;—nor enough, even, concerning the name or occupation of Nicholas the Barterer, to lead the pensive traveller into a profitable observance of the appointment of Fate, that in this Tyre of the West, the city of merchants, her monuments of triumph over the Tyre of the East, should for ever stand signed by a tradition recording the stern judgment of her youth against the gambler's lust, which was the passion of her old age.

But now of the capitals themselves. If you

* Have you ever read the 'Fortunes of Nigel' with attention to the moral of it?

† It orders now that the drawing should be at the foot of St. Mark's Campanile; and, weekly, the mob of Venice, gathered for the event, fills the marble porches with 'its anxious murmur.

are the least interested in architecture, should it not be of some importance to you to note the style of them? Twelfth century capitals, as fresh as when they came from the chisel, are not to be seen every day, or everywhere ;—much less capitals like these, a fathom or so broad and high! And if you know the architecture of England and France in the twelfth century, you will find these capitals still more interesting from their extreme difference in manner. Not the least like our clumps and humps and cushions, are they? For these are living Greek work, still; not savage Norman or clumsy Northumbrian, these; but of pure Corinthian race; yet, with Venetian practicalness of mind, solidified from the rich clusters of light leafage which were their ancient form. You must find time for a little practical cutting of capitals yourself, before you will discern the beauty of these. There is nothing like a little work with the fingers for teaching the eyes.

As you go home to lunch, therefore, buy a pound of Gruyère cheese, or of any other equally tough and bad, with as few holes in it as may be. And out of this pound of cheese, at lunch, cut a solid cube as neatly as you can.

Now all treatment of capitals depends primarily on the way in which a cube of stone, like this of cheese, is left by the carver square at the top, to carry the wall, and cut round at the bottom

to fit its circular pillar. Proceed therefore to cut your cube so that it may fit a round pillar of cheese at the bottom, such as is extracted, for tasting, by magnanimous cheesemongers, for customers worth their while. Your first natural proceeding will of course be to cut off four corners; so making an octagon at the bottom, which is a good part of the way to a circle. Now if you cut off those corners with rather a long, sweeping cut, as if you were cutting a pencil, you will see that already you have got very near the shape of the Piazzetta capitals. But you will come still nearer, if you make each of these simple corner-cuts into two narrower ones, thus bringing the lower portion of your bit of cheese into a twelve-sided figure. And you will see that each of these double-cut angles now has taken more or less the shape of a leaf, with its central rib at the angle. And if, further, with such sculpturesque and graphic talent as may be in you, you scratch out the real shape of a leaf at the edge of the cuts, and run furrows from its outer lobes to the middle,—behold, you have your Piazzetta capital. *All but* have it, I should say; only this ‘all but’ is nearly all the good of it, which comes of the exceeding fineness with which the simple curves are drawn, and reconciled.

Nevertheless, you will have learned, if sagacious in such matters, by this quarter of an hour’s carv-

ing, so much of architectural art as will enable you to discern, and to enjoy the treatment of, all the twelfth and thirteenth century capitals in Venice, which, without exception, when of native cutting, are concave bells like this, with either a springing leaf, or a bending boss of stone which would become a leaf if it were furrowed, at the angles. But the fourteenth century brings a change.

Before I tell you what took place in the fourteenth century, you must cut yourself another cube of Gruyère cheese. You see that in the one you have made a capital of already, a good weight of cheese out of the cube has been cut away in tapering down those long-leaf corners. Suppose you try now to make a capital of it without cutting away so much cheese. If you begin half way down the side, with a shorter but more curved cut, you may reduce the base to the same form, and—supposing you are working in marble instead of cheese—you have not only much less trouble, but you keep a much more solid block of stone to bear superincumbent weight.

Now you may go back to the Piazzetta, and, thence proceeding, so as to get well in front of the Ducal Palace, look first to the Greek shaft capitals, and then to those of the Ducal Palace upper arcade. You will recognize, especially in those nearest the Ponte della Paglia, (at least, if

you have an eye in your head,) the shape of your second block of Gruyère,—decorated, it is true, in manifold ways—but essentially shaped like your most cheaply cut block of cheese. Modern architects, in imitating these capitals, can reach as far as—imitating your Gruyère. Not being able to decorate the block when they have got it, they declare that decoration is “a superficial merit.”

Yes,—very superficial. Eyelashes and eyebrows—lips and nostrils—chin-dimples and curling hair, are all very superficial things, wherewith Heaven decorates the human skull; making the maid’s face of it, or the knight’s. Nevertheless, what I want you to notice now, is but the form of the block of Istrian stone, usually with a spiral, more or less elaborate, on each of its projecting angles. For there is infinitude of history in that solid angle, prevailing over the light Greek leaf. That is related to our humps and clumps at Durham and Winchester. Here is, indeed, Norman temper, prevailing over Byzantine; and it means,—the outcome of that quarrel of Michiel with the Greek Emperor. It means—western for eastern life, in the mind of Venice. It means her fellowship with the western chivalry; her triumph in the Crusades,—triumph over her own foster nurse, Byzantium.

Which significances of it, and many others with them, if we would follow, we must leave our stone-cutting for a little while, and map out

the chart of Venetian history from its beginning into such masses as we may remember without confusion.

But, since this will take time, and we cannot quite tell how long it may be before we get back to the twelfth century again, and to our Piazzetta shafts, let me complete what I can tell you of these at once.

In the first place, the Lion of St. Mark is a splendid piece of eleventh or twelfth century bronze. I know that by the style of him; but have never found out where he came from.* I may now chance on it, however, at any moment in other quests. Eleventh or twelfth century, the Lion—fifteenth, or later, his wings; very delicate in feather-workmanship, but with little lift or strike in them: decorative mainly. Without doubt his first wings were thin sheets of beaten bronze, shred into plumage; far wider in their sweep than these.†

The statue of St. Theodore, whatever its age,

* "He"—the actual piece of forged metal, I mean. (See Appendix II. for account of its recent botchings.) Your modern English explainers of him have never heard, I observe, of any such person as an 'Evangelist,' or of any Christian symbol of such a being! See page 42 of Mr. Adams' 'Venice Past and Present' (Edinburgh and New York, 1852).

† I am a little proud of this guess, for before correcting this sentence in type, I found the sharp old wings represented faithfully in the woodcut of Venice in 1480, in the Correr Museum. Durer, in 1500, draws the present wings; so that we get their date fixed within twenty years.

is wholly without merit. I can't make it out myself, nor find record of it: in a stonemason's yard, I should have passed it as modern. But this merit of the statue is here of little consequence,—the power of it being wholly in its meaning.

St. Theodore represents the power of the Spirit of God in all noble and useful animal life, conquering what is venomous, useless, or in decay: he differs from St. George in contending with material evil, instead of with sinful passion: the crocodile on which he stands is the Dragon of Egypt; slime-begotten of old, worshipped in its malignant power, for a God. St. Theodore's martyrdom was for breaking such idols; and with beautiful instinct Venice took him in her earliest days for her protector and standard-bearer, representing the heavenly life of Christ in men, prevailing over chaos and the deep.

With far more than instinct,—with solemn recognition, and prayerful vow, she took him in the pride of her chivalry, in mid-thirteenth century, for the master of that chivalry in their gentleness of home ministries. The 'Mariiegola' (Mother-Law) of the school of St. Theodore, by kind fate yet preserved to us, contains the legend they believed, in its completeness, and their vow of service and companionship in all its terms.

Either of which, if you care to understand, —several other matters and writings must be

understood first; and, among others, a pretty piece of our own much boasted,—how little *cried*,—Mother-Law, sung still by statute in our churches at least once in the month; the eighty-sixth Psalm. “Her foundations are in the holy Mountains.” I hope you can go on with it by heart, or at least have your Bible in your portmanteau. In the remote possibility that you may have thought its carriage unnecessarily expensive, here is the Latin psalm, with its modern Italian-Catholic* translation; watery enough, this last, but a clear and wholesome, though little vapid, dilution and diffusion of its text,—making much intelligible to the Protestant reader, which his ‘private judgment’ might occasionally have been at fault in.

Fundamenta eius in
montibus sanctis: di-
ligit Dominus portas
Sion super omnia ta-
bernacula Iacob.

Gloriosa dicta sunt
de te, civitas Dei.

Memor ero Rahab et

Gerusalemme è fabbri-
cata sopra i santi monti:
Iddio ne prende più cura,
e l'ama più che tutti gli
altri luoghi che dal suo
popolo sono abitati.

Quante cose tutte piene
di lode sono state dette di
voi, città di Dio!

Non lascerò nell' obli-

* From the ‘Uffizio della B.V. Maria, Italiano e Latino, per tutti i tempi dell' anno, del Padre G. Croiset,’ a well printed and most servicable little duodecimo volume, for any one wishing to know somewhat of Roman Catholic offices. Published in Milan and Venice.

Babylonis, scientium
me.

Ecce alienigenæ, et
Tyrus, et populus
Æthiopum hi fuerunt
illic.

Numquid Sion dicet:
Homo et homo natus
est in ea, et ipse fund-
avit eam Altissimus?

Dominus narrabit in
scripturis populorum
et principum: horum
qui fuerunt in ea.

Sicut lætantium om-
nium habitatio est in te.

ione nè l' Egitto nè Babi-
lonia, dacchè que' popoli
mi avranno riconosciuto
per loro Dio.

Quanti popoli stranieri,
Tiri, Etiopi, sino a quel
punto miei nemici, ver-
ranno a prestarmi i loro
omaggi.

Ognuno dirà allora:
Vedete come questa città
si è popolata! l' Altissimo
l' ha fondata e vuole met-
terla in fiore.

Egli perciò è l' unico
che conosca il numero del
popolo e de' grandi che
ne sono gli abitanti.

Non vi è vera felicità,
se non per coloro che vi
haune l' abitazione.

Reading then the psalm in these words, you have it as the Western Christians sang it ever since St. Jerome wrote it into such interpretation for them; and you must try to *feel* it as these Western Christians of Venice felt it, having now their own street in the holy city, and their covenant with the Prior of Mount Syon, and of the Temple of the Lord: they themselves having struck down Tyre with their own swords, taken to themselves her power, and now reading, as of themselves, the encompassing benediction of the prophecy for all Gentile nations, "Ecce alienigenæ

—et Tyrus.” A notable piece of Scripture for them, to be dwelt on, in every word of it, with all humility of faith.

What then is the meaning of the two verses just preceding these?—

“Glorious things are spoken of thee, thou City of God. I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon, with them that know me.”

If you like to see a curious mistake at least of *one* Protestant's ‘private judgment’ of this verse, you must look at my reference to it in *Fors Clavigera* of April, 1876, p. 110, with its correction by Mr. Gordon, in *Fors* for June, 1876, pp. 178—203, all containing variously useful notes on these verses; of which the gist is, however, that the ‘Rahab’ of the Latin text is the Egyptian ‘Dragon,’ the crocodile, signifying in myth, which has now been three thousand years continuous in human mind, the total power of the crocodile-god of Egypt, couchant on his slime, born of it, mistakable for it,—his grey length of unintelligible scales, fissured and wrinkled like dry clay, itself but, as it were, a shelf or shoal of coagulated, malignant earth. He and his company, the deities born of the earth—beast headed,—with only animal cries for voices :—

“Omnigenumque Deūm monstra, et latrator Anubis
Contra Neptunum et Venerem, contraque Minervam.”

This is St. Theodore's Dragon-enemy—Egypt,

and her captivity; bondage of the earth, literally to the Israelite, in making bricks of it, the first condition of form for the God: in sterner than mere literal truth, the captivity of the spirit of man, whether to earth or to its creatures.

And St. Theodore's victory is making the earth his pedestal, instead of his adversary; he is the power of gentle and rational life, reigning over the wild creatures and senseless forces of the world. The Latrator Anubis—most senseless and cruel of the guardians of hell—becoming, by human mercy, the faithfulest of creature-friends to man.

Do you think all this work useless in your Venetian guide? There is not a picture,—not a legend,—scarcely a column or an ornament, in the art of Venice or of Italy, which, by this piece of work, well done, will not become more precious to you. Have you ever, for instance, noticed how the baying of Cerberus is stopped, in the sixth canto of Dante,—

“Il duca mio

Prese la terra; et con piene le pugne

La gitto dentro alle bramose canne.”

(To the *three*, therefore plural.) It is one of the innumerable subtleties which mark Dante's perfect knowledge—inconceivable except as a form of inspiration—of the inner meaning of every myth, whether of classic or Christian theology, known in his day.

Of the relation of the dog, horse, and eagle to the chivalry of Europe, you will find, if you care to read, more noted, in relation to part of the legend of St. Theodore, in the Fors of March, this year; the rest of his legend, with what is notablist in his 'Mariégola,' I will tell you when we come to examine Carpaccio's canonized birds and beasts; of which, to refresh you after this piece of hard ecclesiastical reading, (for I can't tell you about the bases of the pillars to-day. We must get into another humour to see these,) you may see within five minutes' walk, three together, in the little chapel of St. George of the Schiavoni;—St. George's 'Porphyrio,' the bird of chastity, with the bent spray of sacred vervain in its beak, at the foot of the steps on which St. George is baptizing the princess; St. Jerome's lion, being introduced to the monastery (with resultant effect on the minds of the brethren); and St. Jerome's dog, watching his master translating the Bible, with highest complacency of approval.

And of St. Theodore himself you may be glad to know that he was a very historical and substantial saint as late as the fifteenth century, for in the Inventory of the goods and chattels of his scuola, made by order of its master (Gastoldo), and the companions, in the year 1450, the first article is the body of St. Theodore, with the bed it lies on, covered by a coverlid of "pañó di grano

di seta, brocado de oro fino." So late as the middle of the fifteenth century, (certified by the inventario fatto a di XXX. de Novembrio MCCCCL. per. Sr nanni di piero de la colōna, Gastoldo, e suoi campagni, de tutte reliquie e arnesi e beni, se trova in questa hora presente in la nostra scuola,) here lay this treasure, dear to the commercial heart of Venice.

Oh, good reader, who hast ceased to count the Dead bones of men for thy treasure, hast thou then thy Dead laid up in the hands of the Living God?

CHAPTER III.

ST. JAMES OF THE DEEP STREAM.

TWICE one is two, and twice two is four; but twice one is not three, and twice two is not six, whatever Shylock may wish, or say, in the matter. In wholesome memory of which arithmetical, and (probably) eternal, fact, and in loyal defiance of Shylock and his knife, I write down for you these figures, large and plain:—

1. 2. 4.

Also in this swiftly progressive ratio, the figures may express what modern philosophy considers the rate of progress of Venice, from her days of religion, and golden ducats, to her days of infidelity, and paper notes.

Read them backwards, then, sublime modern philosopher; and they will give you the date of the birth of that foolish Venice of old time, on her narrow island.

4. 2. 1.

In that year, and on the very day—(little foolish Venice used to say, when she was a very child),—in which, once upon a time, the world was made; and, once upon another time—the

Ave Maria first said,—the first stone of Venice was laid on the sea sand, in the name of St. James the fisher.

I think you had better go and see with your own eyes,—tread with your own foot,—the spot of her nativity: so much of a spring day as the task will take, cannot often be more profitably spent, nor more affectionately towards God and man, if indeed you love either of them.

So, from the Grand Hotel,—or the Swiss Pension— or the duplicate Danieli with the draw-bridge,—or wherever else among the palaces of resuscitated Venice you abide, congratulatory modern ambassador to the Venetian Senate,—please, to-day, walk through the Merceria, and through the Square of St. Bartholomew, where is the little octagon turret-chapel in the centre, for sale of news: and cross the Rialto—not in the middle of it, but on the right hand side, crossing from St. Mark's. You will probably find it very dirty,—it may be, indecently dirty,—that is modern progress, and Mr. Buckle's civilization; rejoice in it with a thankful heart, and stay in it placidly, after crossing the height of the bridge, when you come down just on a level with the capitals of the first story of the black and white, all but ruined, Palace of the Camerlenghi; Treasurers of Venice, built for them when she began to feel anxious about her accounts. 'Black and white,' I call it, because the dark

lichens of age are yet on its marble—or, at least, were, in the winter of '76—'77; it may be, even before these pages get printed, it will be scraped and re-gilt—or pulled down, to make a railroad station at the Rialto.

Here standing, if with good eyes, or a good opera glass, you look back, up to the highest story of the blank and ugly building on the side of the canal you have just crossed from,—you will see between two of its higher windows, the remains of a fresco of a female figure. It is, so far as I know, the last vestige of the noble fresco painting of Venice on her outside walls;—Giorgione's,—no less,—when Titian and he were house-painters,—the Sea-Queen so ranking them, for her pomp, in her proud days. Of this, and of the black and white palace, we will talk another day. I only asked you to look at the fresco just now, because therein is seen the end of *my* Venice,—the Venice I have to tell you of. Yours, of the Grand Hotels and the Peninsular steamers, you may write the history of, for yourself.

Therein,—as it fades away—ends the Venice of St. Mark's Rest. But where she was born, you may now go quite down the steps to see. Down, and through among the fruit-stalls, into the little square on the right; then turning back, the low portico is in front of you;—not of the ancient church indeed, but of a fifteenth

century one—variously translated, in succeeding times, into such small picturesqueness of stage effect as it yet possesses; escaping, by God's grace, however, the fire which destroyed all the other buildings of ancient Venice, round her Rialto square, in 1513.*

Some hundred or hundred and fifty years before that, Venice had begun to suspect the bodies of saints to be a poor property; carrion, in fact,—and not even exchangeable carrion. Living flesh might be bought instead,—perhaps of prettier aspect. So, as I said, for a hundred years or so, she had brought home no relics,—but set her mind on trade-profits, and other practical matters; tending to the achievement of wealth, and its comforts, and dignities. The curious result being, that at that particular moment, when the fire devoured her merchants' square, centre of the then mercantile world—she happened to have no money in her pocket to build it again with!

Nor were any of her old methods of business again to be resorted to. Her soldiers were now foreign mercenaries, and had to be paid before they would fight; and prayers, she had found out long before our English wiseacre apothecaries' apprentices, were of no use to get either

* Many chronicles speak of it as burned; but the authoritative inscription of 1601 speaks of it as 'consumed by age,' and is therefore conclusive on this point.

money, or new houses with, at a pinch like this. And there was really nothing for it but doing the thing cheap,—since it had to be done. Fra Giocondo of Verona offered her a fair design; but the city could not afford it. Had to take Scarpagnino's make-shift instead;—and with his help, and Sansovino's, between 1520 and 1550, she just managed to botch up—what you see surround the square, of architectural stateliness for her mercantile home. Discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, the main cause of these sorrowful circumstances of hers,—observe sagacious historians.

At all events, I have no doubt the walls were painted red, with some medallions, or other cheap decoration, under the cornices, enough to make the little square look comfortable. Whitewashed and squalid now—it may be left, for this time, without more note of it, as we turn to the little church.*

Your Murray tells you it was built "in its present form" in 1194, and "rebuilt in 1531, but precisely in the old form," and that it "has a fine brick campanile." The fine brick campanile, visible, if you look behind you, on the other side of the street, belongs to the church of St. John Elemosinario. And the statement that

* Do not, if you will trust me, at this time let your guide take you to look at the Gobbo di Rialto, or otherwise interfere with your immediate business.

the church was "rebuilt in precisely the old form" must also be received with allowances. For the "campanile" here, is in the most orthodox English Jacobite style of the seventeenth century, the portico is Venetian fifteenth, the walls are in no style at all, and the little Madonna inserted in the middle of them is an exquisitely finished piece of the finest work of 1320 to 1350.

And, alas, the church is not only quite other in form, but even other in *place*, than it was in the fifth century, having been moved like a bale of goods, and with apparently as little difficulty as scruple, in 1322, on a report of the Salt Commissioners about the crowding of shops round it. And, in sum, of particulars of authentically certified vicissitudes, the little church has gone through these following—how many more than these, one cannot say—but these at least (see Appendix III.):—

I. Founded traditionally in 421 (serious doubts whether on Friday or Saturday, involving others about the year itself). The tradition is all we need care for.

II. Rebuilt, and adorned with Greek mosaic work by the Doge Domenico Selvo, in 1073; the Doge having married a Greek wife, and liking pretty things. Of this husband and wife you shall hear more, anon.

III. Retouched, and made bright again, getting

also its due share of the spoil of Byzantium sent home by Henry Dandolo, 1174.

IV. Dressed up again, and moved out of the buyers' and sellers' way, in 1322.

V. 'Instaured' into a more splendid church (dicto templo in splendidiorem ecclesiam instaurato) by the elected plebanus, Natalis Regia, desirous of having the church devoted to *his* honour instead of St. James's, 1531.

VI. Lifted up, (and most likely therefore first much pulled down), to keep the water from coming into it, in 1601, when the double arched campanile was built, and the thing finally patched together in the present form. Doubtless, soon, by farther 'progresso' to become a provision, or, perhaps, a petroleum-store, Venice having no more need of temples; and being, as far as I can observe, ashamed of having so many, overshadowing her buyers and sellers. Better rend the veils in twain for ever, if convenient store-shops may be formed inside.

These, then, being authentic epochs of change, you may decipher at ease the writing of each of them,—what is left of it. The campanile with the ugly head in the centre of it is your final Art result, 1601. The portico in front of you is Natalis Regia's 'instauration' of the church as it stood after 1322, retaining the wooden simplicities of bracket above the pillars of the early loggia; the Madonna, as I said,

is a piece of the 1320 to 1350 work; and of earlier is no vestige here. But if you will walk twenty steps round the church, at the back of it, on the low gable, you will see an inscription in firmly graven long Roman letters, under a cross, similarly inscribed.

That is a vestige of the eleventh century church; nay, more than vestige, the *Voice* of it—Sibylline,—left when its body had died.

Which I will ask you to hear, in a little while. But first you shall see also a few of the true stones of the older Temple. Enter it now; and reverently; for though at first, amidst wretched whitewash and stucco, you will scarcely see the true marble, those six pillars and their capitals are yet actual remnants and material marble of the venerable church; probably once extending into more arches in the nave; but this transept ceiling of waggon vault, with the pillars that carry it, is true remnant of a mediæval church, and, in all likelihood, true image of the earliest of all—of the first standard of Venice, planted, under which to abide; the Cross, engraven on the sands thus in relief, with two little pieces of Roman vaulting, set crosswise;—your modern engineers will soon make as large, in portable brickwork, for London drains, admirable, worshipful, for the salvation of London mankind:—here artlessly rounded, and with small cupola above the crossing.

Thus she set her sign upon the shore; some

knot of gelatinous seaweed there checking the current of the 'Deep Stream,' which sweeps round, as you see, in that sigma of canal, as the Wharfe round the shingly bank of Bolton Abbey,—a notablest Crook of Lune, this; and Castrum, here, on sands that will abide.

It is strange how seldom rivers have been named from their depth. Mostly they take at once some dear, companionable name, and become gods, or at least living creatures, to their refreshed people; if not thus Pagan-named, they are noted by their colour, or their purity,—White River, Black River, Rio Verde, Aqua Dolce, Fiume di Latte; but scarcely ever, 'Deep River.'

And this Venetian slow-pacing water, not so much as a river, or anything like one; but a rivulet, 'fiumicello,' only, rising in those low mounds of volcanic hill to the west. "'Rialto,' 'Rialtum,' 'Prealtum'" (another idea getting confused with the first), "dal fiumicello di egual nome che, scendendo dei colli Euganei gettavasi nel Brenta, con esso scorrendo lungo quelle isole dette appunto Realtine."* The serpentine depth, consistent always among consistent shallow, being here vital; and the conception of it partly mingled with that of the power of the open sea—the infinite 'Altum'; sought by the sacred water, as in the dream of Eneas, "lacu fluvius se condidit alto." Hence the united word takes, in declining

* Romanin.

Latin, the shorter form, *Rialtum*,—properly, in the scholarship of the State-documents, ‘*Rivo-altus*.’ So also, throughout Venice, the Latin *Rivus* softens into *Rio*; the Latin *Ripa* into *Riva*, in the time when you had the running water—not ‘canals,’ but running brooks of sea,—‘*lympha fugax*,’—trembling in eddies, between, not quays, but banks of pasture land; soft ‘*campi*,’ of which, in St. Margaret’s field, I have but this autumn seen the last worn vestige trodden away; and yesterday, Feb. 26th, in the morning, a little tree that was pleasant to me taken up from before the door, because it had heaved the pavement an inch or two out of square; also beside the Academy, a little overhanging momentary shade of boughs hewn away, ‘to make the street “bello,”’ said the axe-bearer. ‘What,’ I asked, ‘will it be prettier in summer without its trees?’ ‘*Non x’e bello il verde*,’ he answered.* True oracle; though he

* I observe the good people of Edinburgh have the same taste; and rejoice proudly at having got an asphalt esplanade at the end of Prince’s Street, instead of cabbage-sellers. Alas! my Scottish friends; all that Prince’s Street of yours has not so much beauty in it as a single cabbage-stalk, if you had eyes in your heads,—rather the extreme reverse of beauty; and there is not one of the lassies who now stagger up and down the burning marle in high-heeled boots and French bonnets, who would not look a thousand-fold prettier, and feel, there’s no counting how much nobler, bare-headed but for the snood, and bare-foot on old-fashioned grass by the Nor’ loch side, bringing home from market, basket on arm, pease for papa’s dinner, and a bunch of cherries for baby.

knew not what he said;—voice of the modern Church of Venice ranking herself under the black standard of the pit.

I said you should hear the oracle of her ancient Church in a little while ; but you must know why, and to whom it was spoken, first,—and we must leave the Rialto for to-day. Look, as you recross its bridge, westward, along the broad-flowing stream ; and come here also, this evening, if the day sets calm, for then the waves of it from the Rialto island to the Cà Foscari, glow like an Eastern tapestry in soft-flowing crimson, fretted with gold ; and beside them, amidst the tumult of squalid ruin, remember the words that are the ‘burden of Venice,’ as of Tyre :—

“Be still, ye inhabitants of the Isle. Thou whom the merchants of Zidon, that pass over the sea, have replenished. By great waters, the seed of Sihor, the harvest of the river, is her revenue ; and she is a mart of nations.”







